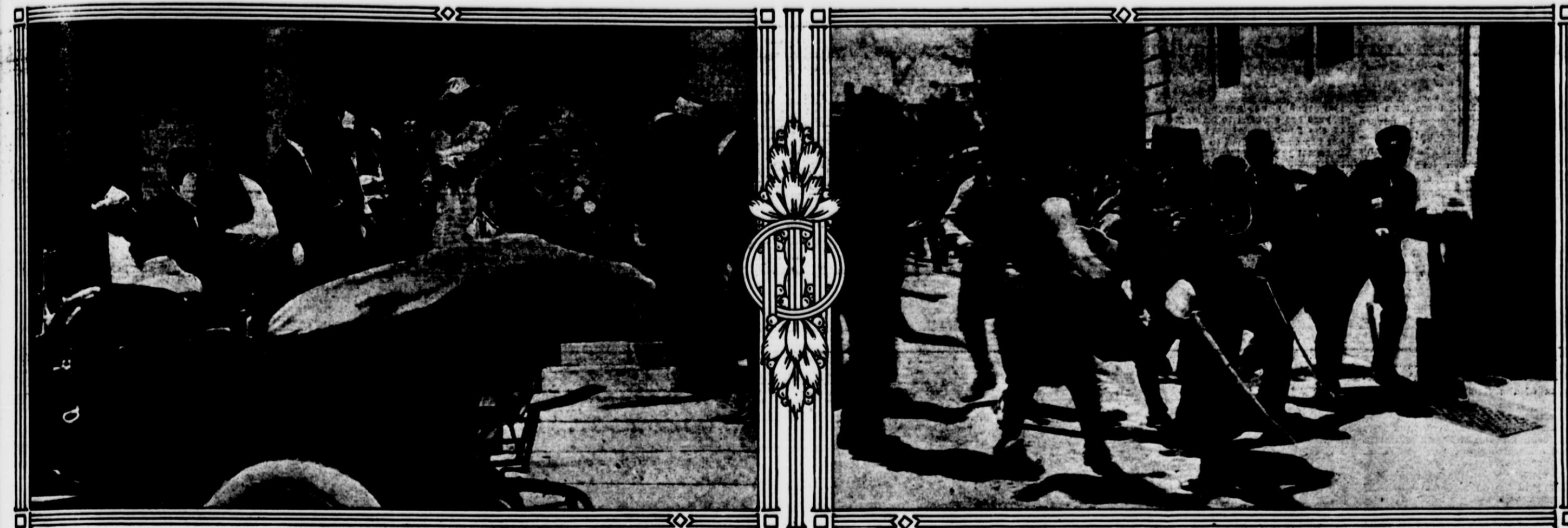


SARAJEVO NINE MONTHS AFTER THE GREAT TRAGEDY



Archduke and Duchess leaving the town hall a few minutes before their murder.

Police saving bomb-thrower from mob after first attempt.

From the Illustrated London News.

A Visit to the Room in Which the Crown Prince Died, With Graf Harrach, Who Tried to Save Him

By Dr. J. T. ROCHE.

It was at 3 o'clock on Good Friday afternoon that I called in company with Graf Harrach to pay my respects to Gen. von Sarkotic, civil and military governor of Bosnia. I felt as I entered the chamber in which he was waiting to receive us that the day and the hour were singularly appropriate for such a call. The General's first words of greeting showed too that his thoughts were running in the same direction: "Welcome," he said, "to Bosnia! A hearty welcome to Sarajevo and to the very room in which the world war has had its origin."

Nothing my puzzled look as he uttered these words he quickly added: "Behold the couch on which the Crown Prince breathed his last sigh. Behold the bed in the adjoining chamber on which his murdered wife was laid and the place where her body was laid for burial!"

Seeing that I was still somewhat at a loss for words to express the thoughts which came surging through my mind at that moment the General continued:

"I have just been thinking while awaiting your arrival that never since the great day of Calvary has there been another spot which has played so tragic a role in world history. It is indeed a second Calvary, and the spot on which we stand will be associated for all time to come with the greatest and most terrible of world wars."

It was impossible to remain unaffected by such a greeting. As he spoke there arose before my mental gaze a vivid picture of those terrible trenches stretched up and down through Europe in which the men of the warring nations were pitted against each other. Standing as it did in the foreground of the picture the bloodstained couch took on a weird and uncanny appearance and the appropriateness of the General's comparison struck me with particular force.

Graf Harrach had been telling me of our way thither that the royal pair had been taken to the Kanak immediately after the fatal shots located about a half dozen blocks away. I did not realize, however, until the foregoing words had been spoken that the Kanak was merely the ancient Turkish name for the Governor's official residence and was consequently surprised to learn that the room in which I stood had witnessed the closing scene in that bloody drama.

My visit, too, was rendered memorable by another circumstance. The woman who accompanied me was he in whose ear the royal couple were riding when the fatal shots were fired, the man in whose ear the last words of the dead Prince had been uttered. When Archduke Eugene, commander in chief of the southern army, informed me a few days before my departure from Lividek that he was sending with me as court and courtly a very distinguished and intelligent officer he made no reference to the part played by Graf Harrach in the Sarajevo business. It was only when we were well on our way that I discovered in the most and courtly gentleman who was acting as my guide one of the central figures in that lamentable affair.

It was Graf Harrach, who, as aide de camp to the late Imperial Highness, had made all the arrangements for his visit and who had personal charge of the whole programme. As already stated, it was in his car the royal couple were sitting when Prince's bullets did the deadly work. The Graf was standing on the sidewalk of the car but, unfortunately for the prince, on the wrong side. He did all that a brave man could do under the circumstances to protect the lives of his guests, but the crime was so well planned and so quickly committed that little if anything could be done to interfere with the work of the conspirators.

Previous to our call upon the Governor, we had gone over the ground and the Graf had pointed out the very spot where the assassin's bullets had found their mark, the high doorway of the barber shop on which the crown prince and his wife were walking as they came to the side of the street. It was while standing at that historic spot that I heard for the first time the full and authentic story of the bloody

deed, which has already cost Europe millions of precious lives. The reader will bear with me, I trust, as I endeavor to reproduce that story just as I heard it from Graf Harrach's own lips.

The first attempt on the lives of the royal pair was made as they were driving from the Kanak to take part in the principal event of the day's programme. There is a fine avenue running parallel with the Miljacka River. On both sides of this avenue there are broad sidewalks, and it is protected from the encroachments of the river by a strong sustaining wall which rises at least three feet above the level of the street.

Cabrinovic, who failed in this first attempt, stood close to the river wall and aimed his bomb at the occupants of the car as it was being driven slowly in front of him. The bomb, in being thrown, came in contact with the leaves of a tree, was deflected from its course, and fell about twenty feet behind the Prince's car. In exploding it dug a large hole in the pavement and some of the onlookers were injured by the flying fragments. A little girl about 10 years old was the most seriously injured, but she is still alive and, though maimed for life, the doctors believe that her chances for recovery are very good.

As soon as Cabrinovic had thrown the bomb he jumped over the sustaining wall and landed in the river about twenty feet below. As the water was low at the time he would probably have escaped were it not for the prompt action of Lieut. Marossy, a brave young officer, who jumped into the river after him and seized him before he could gain the opposite bank.

The bomb throwing incident created a good deal of excitement and aroused a deep feeling of resentment among the people who had flocked from all sides to take part in the day's festivities. They would have torn Cabrinovic to pieces were it not for prompt action on the part of the police.

The Prince and his wife had borne themselves bravely during this trying ordeal. Devotedly attached to each other, each was fearful lest some harm might befall the other. During the function which followed close upon the heels of this incident the Prince replied to the address of welcome, and though he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching doom, there was not a tremor in his voice and he strove, when an opportunity presented itself, to comfort his wife and to allay her anxieties by making light of the whole affair.

After the function there were insistent demands made upon Gov. Potrek that such precautions should be taken in driving the Prince about the city as would safeguard him from being attacked a second time. Poor Potrek! He was at that time Governor of Bosnia and a very important figure, but he showed about as little common sense then as he afterward did in the Serbian campaign. He assured the protesters that there was absolutely no further danger, so the order was given and the royal pair set forth on their last journey.

The car had crossed the bridge spanning the Miljacka and had proceeded about twenty yards up the narrow Franz Josef street, which runs in a direct line with the bridge, when the first shot rang out. This was followed by four others, fired at close range from a Browning revolver and in such quick succession that there was little time for any one to interfere. I stepped up the narrow street while there and discovered for myself that the assassin was only about fifteen feet from his victims when the fatal shots were fired.

The first bullet entered the left breast of the Crown Prince a short distance below the heart, but was not necessarily fatal. His wife, noting the tremor that ran through his frame and realizing that he had been wounded, cried out: "In God's name, what have they done to you?"



The last snapshot taken of the Crown Prince. The foreground figure on the right is Gen. von Sarkotic. The prince is the central figure. He is talking to the Bishop of Herzegovina.

arm and moving both up and down in a feeble effort to caress her he said in a clear full voice:

"Dearest, you must not die. You must live for our darling children."

It was then that he was struck by the second bullet, which entered the throat just above the collarbone and was followed by convulsive gasping and by a flow of blood from the mouth. Graf Harrach had, in the meantime, got into the car and over to the right side with the idea of interposing his body between the assassin and his victims.

By that time, however, the fatal deed was almost completed. He then turned his attention to the Prince, who was on the point of collapsing in the seat. Placing his arm about him he said:

"Your Imperial Highness must be suffering intense pain."

Making another effort to straighten up, the Prince feebly said: "No, thank God, nothing, nothing, nothing."

He spoke in German and the last two "nichts," "nichts" were uttered very slowly, and in so low a voice as to be almost inaudible. The Graf had, his face down close to that of the Prince and he then saw his lips move for a brief space, as if in prayer. A few moments later he became unconscious and the Graf ordered his chauffeur to turn about and to drive back with all possible speed to the Kanak, which was reached in less than five minutes.

Doctors had been summoned hastily in the meantime, but they were not long in discovering that the Prince was beyond all human aid. He lived for about ten minutes after being brought to the Kanak and passed away on the couch, to which my attention had been attracted in so impressive a manner during my first call upon the Governor.

In Sarajevo, however, one's mind is not given an opportunity to dwell long on tragic thoughts. There is too much color in the streets, too much of a delightful blending of the Orient and the Occident to make it possible for the observer to be indifferent to the living realities.

There is a fascination in the "Corso," where all classes of the people gather for the evening promenade. A friend of mine is fond of making the assertion that there is no more color left in Europe, that the Parisian modes have destroyed whatever good taste has existed on the Continent up to the present hour, and have ushered in an era of drab color and dull uniformity. Needless to state, he has never been to Sarajevo and has never seen the Corso, where the elite and the humbler classes stroll forth for their evening promenade.

It is then that one can see gaudily attired Moslems, who have not yet been affected by the wave of Young Turk reform, who still wear silks and satins, who cling to their roomy seated trousers and their flaring crimson belts as religiously as they do to the fez and the Koran. It is comforting to note too that a goodly number of the



Lieut. Marossy, who captured Cabrinovic, the bomb thrower. Above—Gen. von Sarkotic, civil and military governor of Bosnia.

Christian maidens and matrons in the streets of Sarajevo have not yet been modernized, that they still proudly wear the native costumes with their rich embroideries, even when such luxuries as furs and fine public buildings have risen up about their humble homes. Here and there in the crowd too can be seen the veiled Moslem women, and their Turkish trousers,

showing beneath their mantles, seem a good deal more sensible and modest than the Parisian modes, which have also found their way into Bosnia.

From the moving mass of color one turns to the graceful minarets, rising about him on all sides, and to the delightful purple hills which enclose Sarajevo, and make it truly a "wonder-schoonstadt." In knocking up the tower of the world I have seen a good many beautifully located cities, but none more attractive in its setting or more delightful from the artistic viewpoint than this quaint old Bosnian capital.

It would be a mistake to conclude too that Sarajevo is impervious to the onward march of human progress. It was an intelligent Moslem who called my attention to the fact that the city had made great strides during the last ten years.

"You have no doubt heard it stated," he said, "that the Moslem is not progressive and that he does not take kindly to modern ways. The remarkable growth of Sarajevo in recent years furnishes a striking contradiction of that statement."

"From a sleepy town of 20,000 souls it has grown to be a modern up to date city, and its population has been more than trebled in that time. It is a much better built city than Belgrade, is much more cleanly and sanitary, has finer public buildings and much better educational facilities than the Serbian capital."

"And it is the Moslem element that has played a leading role in all these improvements. The monarchy has done well by Sarajevo, but the people have responded splendidly to its efforts and have shown that they were merely awaiting an opportunity to prove that they were capable of better things."

As he spoke I fancied myself listening to an enthusiastic resident of some western American town, where rosette visions of future growth and progress are as common as ice cream parlors in the good old summer time. It was comforting to find a quaintly garbed Moslem who could look forward so hopefully to the future of his people and who had all the fervor of a real estate agent under the quiet outward demeanor of the Turk.

The Serbian element in Bosnia have today good reason to regret the foolish and criminal acts of the two misguided youths who have brought so much sorrow upon the world at large. Up to the hour of the tragedy the Government of Bosnia was practically in their hands and they had things to say about the future of the Balkans.

The Moslems form about half the total population. The other half is made up about equally of the Serbian and Croatian elements. Baron Burian and his predecessor were very friendly to the Serbs, and as they were intelligent and energetic they filled most of the good old summer time. It was the ruling class in Bosnia.

Bosnia Declared to Be Loyal in the Present Crisis—Effect of the Crime Upon Moslems, Croats and Serbs

The crime in the streets of Sarajevo, however, brought about an entirely new condition of affairs.

The Serbs in the brief space of one night ceased to be the ruling class. When the war broke out many of the most prominent among them were apprehended and were held as hostages for the good conduct of the humbler rank and file. I have seen Moslem soldiers drawn up at a little Bosnian wayside station with one of these Serb prisoners standing in front of them. I knew that they had strict orders to shoot him in case any neighboring bridge or tunnel were blown up, and I knew too that they would have taken considerable pleasure in carrying out their orders.

There are no more loyal subjects in the monarchy to-day than the Moslems of Bosnia and Herzegovina. They have heard too much of Serbian cruelty and brutality toward the Bosniak elements in northern Macedonia to relish the prospect of being ruled from Belgrade. I was in Salonika two years ago when Austrian steamers came into port and took off 5,000 Bosniak refugees who had fled from their homes before the Serbian invader.

Previous to that I had been over some of the ground from which they fled and had seen with my own eyes the complete ruin and desolation of the villages in which they had dwelt. I am not surprised therefore to learn that Bosnia and Herzegovina have furnished 20,000 more soldiers than their regular quota and that Serb sympathizers are having a very bad time of it in these two provinces at the present time.

The 5,000 missionaries imported by the monarchy two years ago have done their work well. They have made it certain that these two fine southern provinces will long remain jewels in the Austrian-Hungarian crown. In the twenty-four hour ride from Brod to Sarajevo one is capable of forming a fairly good idea of the country and of understanding why the gentlemen who rule over the destinies of Serbia are anxious for a slice of it. It is a rich province even if a little mountainous, and I saw enough cattle and sheep during the course of that journey to convince me that it will take a long time to starve the monarchy into submission.

The mountains too, I am told, are exceptionally rich in mineral deposits and there are enough of coal and iron to make it a great industrial centre for many centuries to come. At present it is given up almost entirely to farming and sheep raising, but ten years of Austrian rule have worked such wonders that the people as a whole are more than willing that it should continue. It should not be forgotten at the same time that Bosnia is about the only Moslem state in the wide world which has a genuine system of representative government. The Parliament building in Sarajevo would do honor to a much bigger city, and it is a guarantee that the Moslems and all other elements in the country shall have a real voice in the affairs of government.

As a result of this Parliament Bosnia has to-day a great many schools, where the young are being taught the elements of human knowledge. More important perhaps than these are the trade schools, established in all the important centres of population and even in country villages, where particular attention is paid to the native industries. In these schools embroidery, lace making, weaving and carpentry are treated as serious branches of study, and the native aptitude in such matters is encouraged and turned to good account.

At a wayside station my attention was called to a group of Moslem young women who had just come from one of these schools. The station master showed me some of their work in the shape of wonderful carpets and embroidery that would have done credit to the far famed weavers of Bokhara.

I went through the big trade school of Sarajevo and saw there tapestries, carpets and many other beautiful specimens of feminine handiwork which would have commanded very high prices in America, where artistic needlework is a lost art and where poor young women take pride in the thought that they are unable to make their own clothes.

Austria-Hungary to-day is ringing with the fame of its brave Croatian soldiers, who have proved their mettle in many a bloody engagement. Even the far famed Hungarian hussars and the Polish Legion are willing to take

off their hats to the sons of old Croatia. A good many of these have in the course of the centuries found their way into Bosnia. Most of them are adherents of the Catholic faith and all of them are loyal to the monarchy.

The present Governor, Gen. Sarkotic, is a Croat nobleman and he makes no secret of his intentions to reward loyalty by placing men of his own blood in positions of honor and trust. The tragedy of Sarajevo has consequently had an important bearing upon the status of the Bosnian Croats as well as upon that of the Moslems, and as the two elements are rather friendly to each other and both have a pronounced dislike for the Serbs the latter will be forced to remain in the background for several generations to come.

"We will treat them justly," said the Governor, "but in times past some unwise ones among them mistook our justice and kindness for weakness. No greater misfortune could have overtaken them than to have become Serbian subjects, but they were foolish enough to give ear to the Belgrade plotters and must now pay the penalty."

"So long as I am Governor of Bosnia so long will the loyal Moslem and Croatian elements receive that recognition to which they are justly entitled. We have here a province big enough to be some day a great nation and rich enough to support ten times its present population. We have gone to war to put a stop to outside intrigue and to prevent meddling with our domestic affairs."

"The different nationalities of the monarchy enjoy to-day the fullest civil and religious liberty. They will continue to enjoy these when this war comes to a close and there will be more mutual understanding, more respect and more unity."

"As a Croat I myself am glad to think that a new day has dawned for my own brave people and that their heroism and fidelity in this crisis have earned for them the admiration and the good will of all the other nationalities that go to make up this monarchy."

As I write these concluding lines I can look from my window and see a company of Bosnian soldiers standing at attention as a Reg officer passes slowly down the line. They are a fine looking body of men, and the green flag at the end of the line is mildly suggestive of another fighting race. I have confidence as I gaze that these sturdy looking chaps will take care of Bosnia's liberties and will safeguard the rights of children yet unborn.

I believe too that this tragedy of Sarajevo will teach Europe some valuable lessons, that there will be less intrigue, less diplomatic lying, chicanery and hypocrisy, than there has been during the past few years. And I am glad to find Sarajevo a fitting stage for the bloody drama which has had such far reaching and terrible effects. Nature and man have conspired to make it beautiful and the fates have forever given it a first place in the red story of the world's wars.

Letter Carriers' Stars

"I DON'T know," said a New York observer of things, "whether the average New Yorker ever notices the stars on a letter carrier's sleeve, or if he does notice, stops long enough to inquire what they stand for. But the carriers wear stars, though many of them are very careless about it, so much so indeed that I have thought the Post Office Department should make it a regulation not to be disregarded that every carrier entitled to his stars should wear them."

"One carrier told me he did not wear his because he had been in the service thirty years and the stars would call attention to his age, and he didn't want that for fear he might lose his place to a younger man. Which sounds like a shame, doesn't it?"

"Anyway, the stars are marks of merit and they are graded by years of honorable service. One black star means five years, two ten; one red star fifteen years, two twenty; one silver star twenty-five years, two thirty; one gold star thirty-five years, two forty or more, and few there be who wear two gold stars. Indeed I don't think there are any double gold stars, though there may be."